

Washington late Friday. Their automobile trip to the camp was slowed because of rain and slippery roads. It was indicated the chief executive would remain until Monday and possibly Tuesday morning.

Heart of Liane

by MABEL McELLIOTT
SERIES BY MABEL McELLIOTT

rest came upon her. "Oh, how," she murmured. "It would be much pleasanter. Although why we should dine at all I don't know. Certainly I'm not hungry."

"I am," Olive announced. "I've eaten nothing all day and I'm famished."

Mends were consulted and presently a trio of solemn waiters arrived bearing small trestle tables arrayed with silver covered dishes. Liane had thought she would not be able to touch food, but her healthy young appetite asserted itself and she ate with zest.

It was 10 o'clock when the tables were borne away, the check with its appalling total signed.

"A family might live for a week on that amount," Liane marvelled.

Olive laughed at her naivete.

"Ah, but they could if you don't know what it is to be poor." She regarded him with a gravity he found utterly charming.

"You'll never have that particular sort of bad time again," he reminded her. She smiled at him. "I don't know why you're so good to me," she began, and broke off, coloring again. It was difficult, keeping their discussion on the impersonal basis they had planned.

Olive said abruptly, "You're tired. Better turn in, hadn't we?"

The "we" startled her.

"Yes, I suppose we should. She rose. In the pale green room, the door shut against him, she paused. She caught the filmy night things to her and fled into the bathroom, where in a maze of jade and onyx she bathed and brushed out her tumbling hair. With the flowing robe of biscuit stuff clutched around her she trailed across the boudoir, timidly opened the door.

The sitting room was quite empty.

"Yes, said, "Olive. Oh, Olive." The very sound of her own voice terrified her.

Braces dangling, his broad shoulders looking broader in the stiff white of his shirt, he appeared in the other doorway.

"Yes," he said it quietly as one might speak to a child.

"I—I just wanted to say good night."

He came toward her, so big, so tall, so stern-lipped. "That's right, I forgot."

He bent and touched her hand. "Our agreement holds," he said in a curious voice. "You keep your part of the bargain. I'll keep mine." He wheeled and the door closed on him. Liane heard the lock click faintly.

In her own room she looked curiously at the hand he had held for an instant. Strange while hers was cool and steady, his had been trembling!

SHE awoke to a sense of drama and danger. The strange room, the drawn damask curtains, her frock folded across the back of a Louis XIV chair all brought her back to the present.

"I was married yesterday," she reminded herself.

She stretched, luxuriating in

the big bed, the fine linen, the mauve coverlet. She threw these aside and swung herself over the edge, cramming her toes into those gilt crusted mules. A knock sounded at the door. Before she said "come" she dove frantically into the folds of that exquisitely fashioned negligee.

"Come!" she called again, appalled at the prospect of a strange man in her room.

A housemaid, not the one of the night before, appeared. "Mr. Cleespaugh said you might be wanting me."

"Oh, yes, I do. Will you have this pressed for me, please?"

"Mr. Cleespaugh said to tell you breakfast will be up directly. He has gone out but will be back in a moment," parroted the servant.

"Thank you." The tone dismissed her but still the maid lingered, pretending to straighten a curtain. She studied Liane with a covert glance.

The dress had not been returned when Olive came back and so, with an apology, Liane presented herself at the table in the lacey robe.

"I hope you don't mind," she murmured.

"Mind?" He laughed at her openly. "You look exactly as a bride is supposed to look."

His laugh had a touch of bitterness in it.

"Don't mistake me. I went into this with my eyes open. You agreed to this as a sort of business arrangement. I knew you cared—or thought you cared—for Van. And that you thought it was hopeless."

He sat down. "Here, let's begin. Unless I'm spoiling your appetite. Don't let me do that. We've got to straighten this out. I expect only a few things of happiness. It ought to be easy. I'll not interfere."

She interrupted him, her head high. "I'm willing to give all of that. You know that."

"I was going to say I'd not interfere with any of your pursuits. Only this. Steer clear of Van. He's bad medicine."

"Do you think it's necessary to say that?"

"I don't know. I'm telling you, that's all. He's stirred lots of hearts, but his own is always calm enough. Maybe you think I'm not sporting to tell you all this. I like Van. He's a swell guy. If you like him, I always have. I know his ways. But I'm not going to have him make a mess of things in my home."

How stern he looked with his jaw firmly set! Liane could not find a certain pride in hearing this young man's name.

Faintly she said, "I'll play fair. Don't worry."

HE smiled. Held out his hand across the breakfast things. "That's right, partner. Now let's talk about pleasant things. Have you forgotten it's Christmas morning?"

"I had. For the first time in all my life."

He put a box into her hands. The lid lifted, disclosed a circlet

Hoover Plan Shatters Party Lines In France

By ANNO BOSCH-PLUMOT
PARIS.—Premier Pierre Laval hardly knows where his majority in the chamber of deputies lies since the day of the big wind that blew the Hoover proposition across the Atlantic.

His old majority deserted him on all sides when he went before the chamber to explain his reply to President Hoover.

The deputies were in no mood to increase taxes as a favor to Germany, and that was all they saw in the President's proposal at the time.

While the nightlong debate was on, it was reported several times that the government was lost; and it would have been lost if Laval had been obliged to rely on the majority which placed him in power last January.

The socialists saved him. It was, perhaps, the only vote the present Laval government will ever receive from that party, but it was given cheerfully, partly in the interest of international solidarity, but also because the radicals, with whom the socialists are in bitter rivalry over the 1932 elections, had been led by Edouard Herriot into conspicuous opposition.

The 107 votes the socialists, under the leadership of Leon Blum, cast solidly for Laval early in the morning after an all-night debate, were the government 107 majority. With out them Laval would have failed of a majority by 17.

If Laval had been placed in a minority, the formation of a new government under the circumstances would have undoubtedly taken longer than the American-French negotiations did.

While the negotiations were still on, Laval was obliged to go before the Senate, where he radical socialists group abashed. I would not have made any material difference if the senate radicals had voted against the government, but it revealed a cohesion among the radicals which will make a big difference in the future. If they had had the same cohesion in the past Laval could not have been maintained in power as long as he has.

Even before the negotiations over the Hoover proposition came to a happy issue, Laval was being constantly harassed by his parliament and there was constant danger of his being overthrown on some other issue. He removed that danger, craftily, by given out the impression that Washington and Paris were in accord and closing the session one night. As a matter of fact he had three tough days of negotiations left before him.

The Hoover proposition gave Laval his first opportunity to show his capacity. He proved tireless and persistent. His majority was shaken but he was not.

He may not retain power until the 1932 elections, but he has gained a reputation that will likely make him premier again more than once.

HOOKS AND SLIDES

Youngster May Win Amateur This Year
WITH those old bogy men, Jones and Von Elm, out of it, the time seems at hand for a youthful hero to march through the ranks of the amateurs this fall with a sizzling driver and uncanny putter.

One of the likeliest of the young fellows is Charles Seaver, a big 19-year-old lad from southern California. Charlie, when 17 years old, was runner-up to George Von Elm in the Los Angeles Open. Hagen, Mac Smith and other stars who saw him play on the coast predict that he will crash through this year. In the Long Beach tournament of 1930, Seaver bowled a neat 88, or six under par.

What an Appetite!
THEY say that a full stomach kept the boy from the final battle with Bobby Jones at Merion last year. He met Gene Homans in the semi-final. He was well ahead of Gene at the turn when the lunch-bell rang. Charlie wasn't very hungry that day, so all he could eat was a pair of steaks smothered with pork chops, a few orders of mashed potatoes with gravy, side orders of assorted vegetables and a couple of hot dogs for dessert. He lost the lead to Homans shortly after this repast, but learned a valuable lesson.

Gene Homans is another of the youngsters who must be tabbed. The golf that Gene played at Merion is not the kind of game to which he is addicted. As an 18-year-old kid at Minikahada in 1927, he reeled off a 71 to top all hands, including Jones. During the course of the tournament Homans met Jones, losing 3 and 2.

Fighting Lineage
GENE's father, Shep Homans, is one of the immortals of Princeton, having been chosen twice on the All-Americans. Shep Homans played four years, from '29 to '32, and in those days the

DID YOU KNOW THAT—
BABE RUTH is a pretty good golfer. So is Cy Perkins. But Jimmy Dykes says he can beat 'em both for a sawbuck. Rajah Hornsby has been playing a pretty fair sort of a third base. It was at this position that Hornsby started his career. . . but he wasn't so hot there when a youngster. . . he is even learning to catch pop flies. . . They are blowing up Charley Retzlaff as a heavyweight championship contender. . . after his quick knockout of Ficucello. . . but don't overlook a young man who fought a semi-windup on that same card. . . a fellow named Steve Hamas. . . who knocked out Ted Sandwina. . . Steve has a bit of the old Dempsey in his manner.

Cubs Beat Cards, Still 8½ Ahead

Giants Slip as Chicago Moves Up to Second Place

Sports—Cubs Beat
The Chicago Cubs climbed back into second place in the National League Friday by beating the Cardinals 10 to 3.

St. Louis, however, is still 8½ games ahead of Chicago, compared with 3½ games when they came home off the road July 9. Guy Bush held the Cards to eight hits, while the Cubs were nicking three St. Louis pitchers for 15 hits. Hallahan, Stout and Kaufman all were ineffective.

The Boston Braves were helpful to Chicago by pulling the New York Giants out of second place with a 4 to 2 defeat. The game went 13 innings.

Brooklyn beat the Phillies 6 to 4, and Pittsburgh defeated Cincinnati 5 to 0.

In the American League, Babe Ruth slammed out two doubles to give the Yankees a 4 to 1 victory over Boston. Pitcher Gomez held the Red Sox safe with five scattered hits, while the Yanks got 10.

parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Smith. Everyone is pleased to hear that Mrs. Arlene Coyne, who has been critically ill, shows slight improvement.

Miss Lucille Galloway of Stamps spent the past week visiting her cousins, Misses Dorothy Galloway and Louise Bright.

Mrs. Ben Phillips and daughter, Janice Lou, are visiting Mrs. Phillips' daughter, Mrs. A. A. Galloway.

Mr. Made Sutton of this place is visiting relatives in Hope.

Mrs. Mable Lambert spent the week end in the home of her son, J. R. Lambert, of Bluff Springs.

The Central Hi School vocational Agricultural baseball team trounced the Laneburg team 28 to 12 last Monday 20th.

Mrs. C. V. Garrett is visiting her brother, Tom Gentry, of Cole.

The singing school at New Liberty church started Monday, 27th.

Rocky Mound

The singing school at this place, under the direction of Horace Kennedy, is progressing nicely.

On account of the rain there was not many people-out for singing Sunday night.

Mr. Chester Somers of Locksburg, Tex., were at singing Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Fairchilds spent

Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Purdie.

Wigdel Hart returned to his home at Laneburg Tuesday after visiting relatives here.

R. C. Kennedy of Hope who has been absent from singing school for several nights, has returned again.

A large crowd attended the base ball game here Friday between Center Point and Rocky Mound. The score was 7-3 in favor of Rocky Mound.

Misses Ruby and Lucille Skinner

and Gordon Skinner of Texarkana were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Purdie and family. Ruby remained for an extended visit with friends and relatives.

Misses Vila and Elva Pickard are on the sick list. We hope for their speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Evill Downs are the proud parents of a baby girl, born July 24. It has been given the name of Mary Elita.

Jessie Pickard attended the air circus in Hope Sunday.

The Standings

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION			
Club.	W.	L.	Pc.
Birmingham	69	37	.651
Memphis	60	45	.571
Atlanta	56	49	.533
Chattanooga	54	50	.519
Little Rock	53	52	.505
New Orleans	53	53	.500
Nashville	39	68	.364
Knoxville	37	67	.356

Friday's Results
Little Rock 17, Memphis 1.
Atlanta 6, Nashville 3.
New Orleans 9, Knoxville 1.
Birmingham 6, Chattanooga 4.

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Club.	W.	L.	Pc.
Philadelphia	74	26	.740
Washington	61	37	.622
New York	57	39	.594
Cleveland	46	52	.469
St. Louis	42	53	.442
Boston	38	59	.392
Chicago	36	60	.375
Detroit	36	64	.360

Friday's Results
New York 4, Boston 1.
Only game scheduled.

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Club.	W.	L.	Pc.
St. Louis	63	37	.630
Chicago	53	44	.546
New York	51	43	.543
Brooklyn	53	47	.530
Boston	47	47	.500
Pittsburgh	44	50	.468
Philadelphia	39	58	.402
Cincinnati	37	61	.378

Friday's Results
Boston 4, New York 2 (13 innings).
Chicago 10, St. Louis 3.
Brooklyn 6, Philadelphia 4.
Pittsburgh 3, Cincinnati 0.

Sutton

The revival will begin at the Nazarene church here Saturday night. Conducted by the Pastor, Elder A. H. Lambert assisted by Elder J. F. White the public is invited to come and take a part in the meeting. The singing will be directed by Prof. Thurman May.

Prof. Edison Stuart began a singing school at New Liberty Monday, morning. It will continue 18 days.

Elder Gordon Harris and son of El Dorado was calling on old friends in this community Thursday of last week. Brother Harris was a former resident of this community he was a son of William Harris who served Nevada county four years as county Judge.

The party given by Miss Elizabeth Hamilton Saturday night was well attended and enjoyed by all present.

Lee Stark, wife and baby, of Victoria are guests of Mrs. Stark's parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. F. White.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Casett and baby of Dallas, Tex., returned to their home Sunday after spending a week with Mrs. Casett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bennett.

Mrs. Dose Lasater of Dallas, Tex., spent the past week here visiting her

TAKE A BROOM TO COBWEBS!

"THAT DESK has stood there for years. I wouldn't think of moving it." George is awfully fond of that chair. It belonged to his grandmother." "Yes, I managed to match the old red draperies exactly. It wouldn't seem like home if things were changed."

You have known people like that, set in their ways and hide-bound by tradition. Good souls they are, fine, solid, substantial . . . but missing out on so much that they have every right to enjoy. Wouldn't you like to shake them awake . . . sweep the cobwebs from their mental horizons . . . give them words like "new" and "latest" to replace the "olds" and "always?" If they would only read the advertisements in the Hope Star!

New foods and balanced diets. Household appliances that add hours to the day. Stylish dresses at astonishingly reasonable cost. In fact, all up-to-date merchandise in complete array. That is the sort of news the advertisements bring you . . . ne wways to do old things, new articles to replace the old . . . news!

Read the advertisements every day. It will pay you—in added enjoyment, and actual money saved.

HOPE STAR WANT ADS

The more you tell, the quicker you sell.
1 insertion, 10c per line, minimum 30c
2 insertions, 7c per line, minimum 50c
3 insertions, 5c per line, minimum \$1.00
4 insertions, 4c per line, minimum \$1.00
5 insertions, 3c per line, minimum \$1.00
(Average 50 words to the line)

HOPE Star advertisements accepted over the telephone may be changed with the understanding that the bill is payable on presentation of statement, the day of first publication.

PHONE 788

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—Furnished apartment. Phone 781.

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—Five room house furnished. 44 South Spruce. Apply Mrs. E. Schooley. Phone 1612. 31-61

NOTICE
NOTICE—I am in a position to take time delivered to the Hope Star next week. See me for prices and specifications. Floyd Fort. 24-61.

FREE GREASING—Thirty Day Oil. With every change of oil we will grease your car FREE OF CHARGE. Call on a visit. EMMET GARAGE. 24 Townsend, Manager, Emmet, Arkansas. 30-61p

WANTED
WANTED TO BUY—Several good apples. Apply L. C. Sommersville, Hope. 31-61.

STRAYED
STRAYED—One Jersey cow number 1234. If lost, notify Mrs. Hugh. 31-61.

Red Springs

Health in this community is very good at this writing.

Mrs. Bethel Anderson and Mrs. Lizzy Sinyard called at Mrs. Allie Brown Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Parlee Sinyard was called to the bed side of her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Kieth.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sinyard are expecting a pleasant visit from their daughter, Mrs. Otis Murray of Smack over.

BRUSHING UP SPORTS

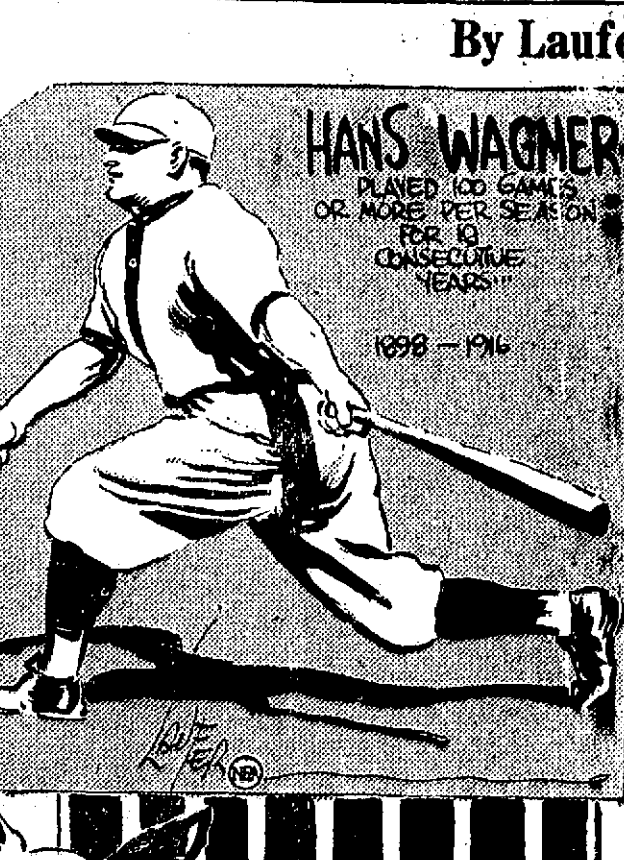
A DEAD HEAT!!

Pittsburgh AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Byrne, 3b.	4	1	0	1	0
Leach, c.	5	2	1	1	1
Clarke, lf.	4	1	2	5	0
Wagner, ss.	5	0	2	4	2
Miller, 2b.	4	2	0	2	0
Plynn, 1b.	4	1	2	8	1
Wilson, rf.	5	1	2	1	1
Gibson, c.	4	0	1	5	1
Cannizz, p.	3	0	0	1	0
Leever, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	8	18	27	12

Brooklyn AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Davidson, cf.	5	1	0	2	0
Daubert, 1b.	4	4	1	0	2
Wheat, lf.	5	0	1	2	0
Hummel, 2b.	3	2	2	8	0
Dalton, rf.	5	2	1	1	0
Leanos, 3b.	4	1	1	2	0
McElveen, ss.	4	0	2	1	0
Brewin, c.	4	0	1	1	0
Rucker, p.	2	0	0	1	0
Dessau, p.	2	1	1	0	2
Totals	38	8	18	27	12

Game called on account of darkness.
Pittsburgh 0 1 0 5 1 0 0 0—5
Brooklyn 0 0 0 3 0 0 2 0—8

GAME PLAYED AT BROOKLYN, AUG. 13, 1910



FOX, A GERMAN SHEPHERD DOG

KEPT AN 8-MONTH VIGIL ON THE DOORSTEP OF THE GROSHEN (ANY) JAIL, WHERE HIS MASTER, PETER L. CUDNEY WAS SERVING TIME

THE DOG REFUSED TO ENTER THE JAIL, YET IT WOULD NOT BE DROVEN AWAY. IT WAS FED BY SYMPATHETIC TOWNSMEN

1930